

A Collage of Exactly One Thousand Words

He looked into the grail and he saw Joshua the Nazarene, taken by Rome and hung upon a cross. His blood draining out as an example to others. A stoic Jew sacrificed in the name of Roman power.

He looked into the grail and he saw the Eye of Horus looking back at him from the abyss of time and space. Horus, son of the Gods Isis and Osiris.

He looked into the grail and he saw the Knights of Malta who were driven out by Napoleon Bonaparte as William the Conqueror had driven out Islam from Sicily in 1061.

Paper overlaps cardboard overlaps paper A huge eye flirts with the viewer from the refrigerator head of a golem cyclops minotaur colossus.

A detective contemplates the piece of string which leads from one thumbtack drawing pin to the next across the madness of the murder board.

Missing person cold case the empty space where the perhaps victim perhaps not disappears into the void and perhaps follows the money perhaps not

SORROW

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paper and glue and mark making pen
pins and string

the black bird singing in the dead
the black bird singing in the dead
the black bird singing in the dead
perhaps of night
the frantic crow flapping desperate to escape
trapped within the ribcage of a sword fighting skeleton
Jesus pinned up on a crossroads of string theories a moth
to a flame apprehended in killing box and brought in for questioning
What is truth?

Distorted evidence accumulates and develops its own internal logic in a pocket of reasoning which drifts further and further from the world of reality
Pataphysics puts leaves on twigs upon branches which came from no tree a tall
and on that tree the poor boy hangs
and on that tree the poor boy hangs
again again

The grail is the bird and the bird is the fish in the metamorphosis of the romantic knight
the sword which divides the scales which measure the weight

the telescope which sees the time of the revolution on the horizon
Hor Zion Hor Us Hor Frost
The flowers of robotics
The face of Janus cut from two photographs, one in black and white, one in colour
The faces of Cerberus, one growling, one barking, one howling, they slaver and drool
The President of the fairy republic sitting within a bluebell, waiting for the Bee which will be
his Uber car to Mercury

Gregor Samsa freshly sprung from the head of Zeus and the dunces' cap upon the tiny wee
bug which said cone upon a mite and once upon a time as the sword words are pulled from
the stone notes

Postcards and family snaps, newspaper stories and crime reports the missing person may
be cold may be lonely may be scared or maybe just cold and cold and cold and still missing
Perhaps in action? Or Inaction in Acton?
The cubes of stock phrases and dubious frock phases and curious places and roaming in
search of the way of the way of the chase of the case
Where is Persephone? Perhaps in the Kore?
The crossroads of all the rotation of tarot

It'saturnaround Saturn around Saturn around the rings
Sisyphus rolls away the stone and Prometheus burns away the throne
Pandora and Eve with the box and the apple
Upset the cart let the cat from the bag
A pentagram of strings links God's will to sympathetic magic to classical physics to relativity
to quantum and all five of them to chaos
The detective puts his hat on his heads and heads for the street
Lord of the big city Nergal
Queen of the night Eris Kigal

A series of abstract shapes in pastel shades
soft drink advertisements merged into the symbols of the illuminati
Silhouettes and faces turned backwards to bodies turned sideways
a flower
a moonrise

Pastoral scenes pasted in the past by passed masters of the paste pot and past oral exams
no-one passed in silence
Hearts cut out and posted to latter day Frankensteins who piece together and piece apart
the parts which break the body's form into mere objects
It all breaks down to bits and pieces
Itemised as species
Finding the clues of connections and disconnections and
two tin cans of Tutankhamen connected by a piece of string to distant galaxies of spiral
draining into the black holes of pocket space
Some physicality some three dimensionality some depth some relief some language of form
within space dancing dancing Nataraja Shiva and the little tin soldier

The Match Girl and the Fat King Fink the Dying Swan and the Ugly Duckling the thousand
and one knights of the Tabla Rondo
The whole assemblage composed according to the rules of the golden Horatio and Nelson
Eddy Cockerel
All in One and One in All
waiting for the Fall
After the end of it all
We sink beneath the waves and merge into the void
Emerge into the image
Homage into the Home Age
There are little stars to show the main steps
and advent windows to show the vain depths

He looks into the grail
He looks into the void
He looks into the abyss
His murder board has grown
into a wall of crazy
and walls have ears
Auriculas asini quis non habet?
One foot on the platform and the other foot on the train
A tetrahedron revolving
in five different parts of a brain
and meaningless and meaningless
the shape is pleasing still
the well at the end of all the world
is deeper than all time
and so the pattern in the cloud or in the fire place
will show you but a leaky pen
as madness traces grace
and still we search the missing way
and still are cold as ice
and sing you la la la
we never are
nor singular at all
do as you would be
be as you would do
bilateral can spatter all
and be worth a thousand of all these words